Knoxville Weekly Chronicle.

WEDNESDAY, ... AUGUST 20, 1873

FIELD AND FARM.

A PLEA FOR FARMERS' WIVES.

We are satisfied that the life of the farmer's wife is not always what it should be or what it would be, if farmers only stopped to consider a moment. It is not from a want of affection that their lives are not less burdensome, for certainly there are no class of men more affectionate than farmers. But do they all consider the burden imposed on their wives? Let us see what are the duties imposed on a large number of them. They cook, wash, sweep, milk the cows, churn the butter, make the cheese, spin, weave, make and repair the clothing, etc., etc., *ad infinitum*. Now this is no overdrawn picture. There are hundreds of instances in every county in East Tennessee, where the farmer's wife performs all this drudgery. Has she any time left, after such a multiplicity of cares for training her children, (of which she generally has a goodly number,) in the way she is expected to train them? She dosen't complain at her lot, and perhaps thinks it all right, but is it so?

This is hard enough if she and her children are in perfect health, but suppose some of her children are unwell and require her attention, thus adding to her already heavy burden?

In too many instances her liege lord, her husband, takes the money she saves from her surplus butter or eggs and goes off to town or to the neighborhood store, and instead of investing it in clothing for the family and thus relieving her of burdens she ought not to bear, spends it for a bottle of rum or a plug of tobacco. We may talk about our advanced civilization as much as we please, yet in some respects we can not lay any very high claim to it. One of the first characteristics of civilization is the improved condition of the female sex. Is there not room for improvement in our own State? We submit to our farmer friends, if we have presented any fancy-wrought or highly colored picture. Isn't it true to the life? Cannot every one think of such cases as we have mentioned and even worse ones? We have frequently known the farmer's wife to add to her other cares, that of assisting her husband at certain times on the farm. We say, and without the fear of successful contradiction, that the farmers' wives, in this country, as a general thing are an overburdened class. There are except ionsof course and a great many of them, but they are the exception and not the rule.

FIGURES THAT TELL THEIR OWN STORY.

Mr. Edward Mansfield, an able and well known contributor to the Cincinnati *Gazette*, in a recent article, makes a most encouraging exhibition of the increase in the productions of Ohio in the last twenty years. These figures teach two important lessons, to which we invite the attention of intelligent readers. The production of wheat, corn, rye, barley, oats, and buckwheat in 1850, was over 88,000,000 bushels. In 1870, the production reached the grand aggregate of over 122,000,000 bushels, or an increase of *fifty* per cent. The increase in the price of the cereals kept pace with the increase in quantity, so that the value of the farm products of that great State in 1870 was double that of 1850. During the same time the wool clip increased from 10,000,000 pounds in 1850 to 20,000,000 in 1870. Hay increased sixty and tobacco eighty per cent.

The secret of this great increase lies in the first place, in the corresponding increase in the manufacture of iron and the mining of coal. In these two interest the growth of Ohio has been truly wonderful. It has been an increase not beneficial alone to the "manufacturer," as our free trade organs at Nashville would have our farmers believe, but one which has been of equal profit to the great farming interests of the State. Wherever coal mines have been opened and furnaces put in blast, there the farmer has found a better market at his very doors for his crops. Every bushel of coal mined and every pound of iron made, added to the value of the crops annually harvested. In Ohio, at least, experience has demonstrated that the interests of the farmer and the manufacturer are too intimate and their relations too profitable to be made the subject for agitation by political demagogues. The city of Cleveland, the center of a rich agricultural region and a favorite location for gigantic industrial enterprises, doubled in population between 1850 and 1870 and to-day claims a population of 120,000. Toledo and Cincinnati have likewise shared the rapid growth of the great commonwealth.

One other lesson the above figures teach us. In 1850 the average size of Ohio farms was 125 acres. In 1870 the average was reduced to 111 acres. One great help then, to the wonderful agricultural growth to which we have made reference, is that the farms were *small*, and the land thoroughly cultivated. We invite the attention of our East Tennessee farmers to this fact. We ask them to reflect upon the rapid increase in the grain raised and then to remember that it comes from *small farms*. One hundred and twenty five acres of land makes a good farm in Ohio and the crops raised on it show how it is worked.

We have in Tennessee, coal and iron as good, and as abundant as in Ohio. Let our farmers stand up and encourage manufacturing enterprises and thereby help themselves as Ohio farmers have done. And in one other respect we hope they will imitate their brethren of Ohio. If they will divide their large farms, sell them at reasonable prices to worthy immigrants and then put as much work as they can on the small farms they have left, we will guarantee that in the next ten years, Tennessee will grow as rapidly and substantially as Oho has in the two decades just ended.

Milking Cows.

There is a moral in the following from Moore's *Rural New Yorker*, too good to be lost:

What a difference there is in the cow management. There across the fields, three-fourths of a mile away, is Jones—a wide-awake, driving fellow. In fact, he is too wide-awake. He keeps everybody and everythidg about him stirred up. I am awakened in the morning by hearing yelling at his cows, and by the barking of his yellow cur of a dog that he sends after them. You should see the cows start the moment they hear him yell. From their peaceful, pastorial rumination, or from their cool-of-the morning breakfast off the dewy grass, they are galvanized by the yell of the farmer and the yelping of the yellow cur into a race for the milking yard. Half of them come up through the lane on the run, panting like high-pressure steamboats. They gouge and gore each other with desperate abandon. They switch their tails about with a restlessness that suggests perpetual motion. There are, say, twenty of these kine, and by the time they have swept through and tumbled over the half-drawn bars into the yard, Tim, the hired man, Susan, the hired girl, Betty, the farmer's daughter, and Sam, the fourteen year old son of the farmer, are clambering over the fence into the yard, with one to three-legged milking stools and wooden or tin pails in their hands, ready to make these heated cows "So!" "Stand still!" "Hist!" and submit to have the lacteal fluid squeezed out of their udders.

Jones told me yesterday that his cows were "beginning to shrink their milk bad." He didn't "see why it should be; feed was uncommonly good for the time o' year. Reckon the flies and the elderberry bushes have somethin' to do with it." I didn't tell him that I thought his cur and himself were most to blame, but I thought so.

Right across the street from him is his neighbor Gibson—one of your quiet, systematic, careful, sensible farmers. He, too, gets up betimes in the morning, takes his long staff, quietly walks into the pasture and gently says, "Come boss! Come boss!" The cows know his voice and heed it as surely as Jones' cows do his. He walks slowly around them, scarcely speaking to them, quietly gathers them together, and they crop the sweet herbage as they slowly travel toward the stable, which they enter without goring each other or violence from any one. They take their places in the stanchions, are quietly fastened, the milkers are at hand; no noise is make; the milking is quickly done, the cows salted and turned loose. Gibson's cows do not "shrink their milk." They are not allowed to do so. When the pastures do not yield herbage enough, or "fly time" prevents foraging, there is soiling material for them. As is the man, so is the brute beneath him. The nature and habits of the one are reflected by the other. Jones hasn't got a cow that will not jump a staked and ridered fence to escape him or his cur. Gibson hasn't a cow that knows how to jump! Jones hasn't a cow but expects stoning or mauling with a milking stool, or a kick on occasions. Gibson hasn't a cow that has received a blow or a kick since he owned her. Jones hasn't a cow that will not run from him at sight if there is a possible chance of getting away. Gibson hasn't a cow that will not come to him at his call.

Preparing Ground for Wheat.

August is a good time to kill briars, bushes, weeds and grass, and clean land thoroughly for seeding to wheat. Wheat ground receives less attention in close and careful plowing, harrowing, grubbing picking up and burning all brush, than the importance of the crop demands. If the plants were cultivated like corn and cotton, after they are up and while growing, less harm would result from defective preparations of the soil before seeding; but no after tillage of any kind comes to the assistance of feeble wheat plants, when partly starved and partly shaded by grass, weeds, or bushes. Not only should all enmies of this character be put out of the way, but the earth should be deeply and finely pulverized to develop the maximum of food for the benefit of the expected grain. The harvest cannot well exceed the pains taken to produce it. Early plowing has many advantages.

It gives time for important chemical changes to take place, and renders agricultural salts available to support the crop that would come too late, or not at all if the ground be broken a month or six weeks later. At the North, wheat land is broken in June, rarely so late as July, unless in clover kept for mowing or pasture. We notice many foul wheat fields from bad management. No one should raise cockle, cheat, garlic, or weeds of any kind in a crop of wheat, oats or barley. Have clean land and perfectly pure seed, washed in strong brine to kill smut germs, and one can then harvest clean wheat. If all the farmers in a county would agree to make a common cause against all weeds, and substitute clover for weeds when grown for the improvement of land, the yield of wheat might be largely increased, while the labor of subduing weeds would be reduced. Neat, tidy farming pays the best and looks the best. Never sow a seed of cockle, cheat or rye with wheat.—*Union and American*.

European Crop Prospects.

The *Constitutionnel* gives a favorable account of harvest prospects in France. There has been a marked improvement in the appearance of all the crops. The heat of the last few days has gone far to undo the evil effects of the floods of last autumn and the heavy continuous rains of the spring, and there is the promise of an abundant harvest of excellent quality. Should there be no unexpected change of weather, there will be a far better yield than lately seemed possible. In the North, where the excessive moisture excited grave anxiety, the wheat crop is magnificent. England and Belgium seem reassured, and are no longer haunted by the apprehensions that prevailed recently, owing to the rains and storms. In Hungary and Germany, although the cold of April has injured the rye crops, the wheat presents an admirable appearance. Hay has been cut in good condition nearly everywhere; potatoes are all that could be wished.

Swine Breeding.

Prof. G. W. Jones, in the *Farmers' Home Journal* says: "For the health of swine, I have counted the following conditions essential:

Abundant, nutritious, and varied food at regular intervals.

Comfortable shelter from rains, hot suns and cold winds.

Pure water and pure air.

Access to fresh earth.

Exercise and sunshine.

Which of these conditions is most important, I do not know, but I am sure that failure in any one of them will work mischief. I have myself carefully attended to them all, and so far have no sickness, no sows to die in farrowing, no sows to eat their young, no broken down foot joints, no barrenness; but as I look about among my neighbors, I see frequent failures. One gentleman has recently lost forty-five out of forty-eight pigs, mostly at three to five weeks old. Upon examination, I found they were confined in small floored pens, with no access to the ground; other pigs near by which ran out, but received the same treatment otherwise, were doing well. I believe fresh earth would have helped them. Another gentleman has his pigs stinted; they are in a small lot, with insufficient shelter and are fed mainly on corn meal. A large range, better shelter and greater variety of food would save them."

Learning How to Produce and to Sell.

The *Jefferson County Union* says a desire to become thoroughly posted, both how to grow a bushel of grain or a pound of cheese at the least cost, and also how to sell that product, for the most money at the least expense, is one great cause of this aggregation into clubs, which we see. Let us remark that here, we believe, is the greatest lever of all.

When the farmers, as a class, shall become thoroughly versed in the grand possibilities of good farming, and moreover, good business men, who understand how to adapt their products to all markets, and know all the tricks and turns between the producer and consumer, then will cease half the unreasonable exactions which now burden them.